

Hypocritical WHIGG

D I S P L A Y E D.

26. Oct. 1682.

What shall a *Glorious Nation* be o'rthrown,
 By a Crew of *Sneaking Rascals* of our own?
 Must Civil, and Ecclesiastick Laws;
 Once Truckle more under the *Good Old Cause*?
 Shall these *Ungrateful Varlets* think to Live
 Only to Clip the Kings *Prerogative*?
 I'm all Inspir'd with a *Poetick Rage*,
 And must *Chastise* the Follies of the *Age*.
 Thoughts do so Crowd upon me, I must Write
 Till I've Displayed the *Gawdy Hypocrite*.
 He's one that scarcely can be call'd a Man;
 And yet forsooth's a *Pious Christian*.
 He disesteems dull *Morals* for a Saint,
 (My Wel-beloved Brethren) must not Want:
 Soul Warming Thoughts, so warm that they did dwell
 First in the Womb, then at the Breasts of Hell.
 With Eyes turn'd up, Mouth Screw'd, & Monkey Face,
 He Loudly Balls to God for *Saving Grace*,
 With such Unmanly, Scurvy Mean, as if even
 His Aposth Postures only wou'd please Heaven.
 He Hates a *Form*, but Loves his *Dear Non sense*,
 Nauseats his God with his *Impertinence*.
 If things succeed not as his Humour wou'd,
 He straight grows Angry, and he Huffs his God.
 And this, as if God knows not what to do,
 And that wou'd have been for thy Glory too:
 Then Muffled in his Cloak, the Beast begins
 In's Sermon to Dawb forth Soul-Killing-Sins;
 Murder, and Theft, and Pride, and Gluttony,
 Rash Oaths, and Vows, and Black Idolatry,
 Which in their Lives none more Applauds then he. }
 Yet if you do Survey the List with *Care*;
 You'll quickly find Rebellion is not there:
 Nay, when he's prest to Duties for some Hours,
 He ne'r puts in Obeys the Higher Powers.
 At *Surplice*, and *Lawn-Sleeves* he takes Offence,
 Because they are the Types of *Innocence*;
 For that he Scorns, and with it Men of Sense. }

The Reverend *Prelates* he still Villifies,
 'Cause they Detect his Cursed Villanies:
 He shuns this Grave, and Learned Company,
 Because they smell too *Rank of Loyalty*.
 Hang them, says he, come let us Pull them Down,
 For this same *Mitre* will Support the Crown.
 He the Kings Person would Protect, he said,
 Yes, yes forsooth, by Cutting off his Head.
 He is the King's best Friend, and yet thought Good
 To Plunge his Kingdoms in a Sea of Blood.
 And this he did, Inspir'd by *Zeal* alone,
 To Fasten Christ in his Triumphant Throne;
 As if Damn'd Lyes, False Oathes, and Base Deceit
 Propt up his *Throne*, and made him truly *Great*.
 As if the Devil himself that Acted Them,
 Did bring the Lustre to his Diadem.
 Yea they go on, yet with the same *Intents*,
 By moulding to their Minds *New Parliaments*.
 In other things, like methods they pursue,
 For even the *Sheriffs* must be *Fanaticks* too.
 The Judges too, they'd to their Party gain,
 Did they lack either *Honesty* or *Brain*.
 But when their Wheedling Tricks do fail on these,
 They do Attack poor Country *Justices*.
 Some of the Great they by their Whimsies Guide,
 To Guard their Treason, and to like their Pride.
 In fine, they are the Foes of Royal State,
 Order, and Peace the Object of their Hate.
 They all mankind, except themselves Despise;
 Chiefly the Great, for being Good and Wise:
 Nor God, nor Man, these Furies seek to please;
 They'd Bruise the Crown, and Tear our Surplices.
 Some Subtil have, and some have Giddy Souls;
 Some Fools, some Knaves, & some are Knaves & Fools.
 These Vermine would even the best Things Command,
 And Suck up all the Fatnels of the Land.

F I N I S.